MAKING A LIVING.

Queer Ways of Doing It in a Large City.

Two men, one carrying a tripod and camera, the other carrying a high stack of photographic plates, bound around by a shawl strap, halted in front of a grocery in Blue Island avenue.

"You get them out in front and I'll be ready for them," said the man with the camera, as he spread his tripod in the gutter and took aim at the front door of the grocery.

The other member of the firm went inside and said to the grocer: "We're going to take a picture of your store. You'd better come out in front with your family and the clerk. Of course you'll want to be in it."

"Why are you going to take a picture? I didn't order one."

"That's all right. You don't have to pay anything unless you want to. Get everybody out in front."

The grocer yelled up-stairs to his wife, who came down with the two little girls close behind her. When she heard what was to be done she insisted on going back to "primp," but the man at the camera objected.

"Hurry up; get in position," he shouted.

His partner grouped the family in the front door and said: "Every one stand still."

There was a click. The man at the camera said "All right," and slid in a panel. Then he and his partner gathered up their outfit and moved on.

Four days later the partner of the man who had worked the camera came into the grocery and displayed a dozen handsome photographs.

"We got a good picture," said he to the grocer. "That's a very good picture of you."

"It is a purty good picture," said the grocer, closing one eye and surveying the photograph with admiration.

"Those will be nice souvenirs to send to your friends and relatives."

"I didn't order any pictures."

"Certainly not, and you don't have to take them unless you want to, but I should think you could find use for a dozen of them."

"What are they worth?"

"I'll let you have them for two dollars and a half."

"I didn't order 'em and I don't care much for 'em, but I'll give you two dollars."

"That's pretty cheap, but I'll take it."

It is thus that some street photographers make their money. They know that every business man is flattered when he sees himself in a photograph standing in a proprietary attitude in front of his establisment.

This is but one of the many unusual ways of making money in a large city. There are small and trivial demands which are multiplied by a large poputon, so that it often becomes profitable to furnish a supply. A professional cockroach exterminator would not seem to be a public necessity, yet the cockroach man in Chicago makes a good living There are hotels, restaurants and apartment buildings always ready to pay him a good price to come with his insect powder and patent blower and fill all the cracks and corners of the building with a poison which will kill the pestiferous little animals. In some instances he makes a yearly contract and agrees to keep the premises clear.

The professional ratter agrees for a certain sum to turn loose his ferrets and kill all the rats in a building. There are several "ratters" who are employed by the janitors of the big down-town buildings. In wholesale dry-goods and grocery houses the "ratter" is an important man. He and his ferrets clean the premises of rats and mice and save much property from destruction

The soap artist makes a good living. He works principally in saloons and barber-shops, making ornate designs on the mirrors with a piece of white soap. He is a rapid workman and is good on fancy letters. For a quarter of a dollar he will convert a large mirror into a gigantic picture with pale effects, and usually he will spend the money with the house. Of late these journeymen artists have begun to use water colors for their mirror decorations. The bright colors give a more startling effect and can be easily washed off at any time. At least two theaters employ men to decorate saloon mirrors with gay advertisements.

There are three men in Chicago who make a fairly good living by marketing ideas. That is their business. Suppose a man opens a new restaurant. The "idea" man go s into the place and says: "Why not put out a sign that you'll give a dish of ice cream free to every red-headed man. It would cause talk."

If the restaurant man adopts the suggestion the "idea" man will expect to be paid for it.

He writes poetry for soaps and patent medicines and submits it to the proprietors. If they like it he names his price. At the big retail stores he drops in and confides new and startling schemes for advertising. He goes to the theatrical manager, and says: "Here, wouldn't this be a good catch line?"

Day by day he pokes into other people's business, and is well paid for it, because, after all, there is nothing more valuable than ideas of the right kind.

The professional entertainer who goes to evening parties and cheers up the guests has never made a decided success in Chicago. There are a few of these entertainers who find some employment, but the only attempt to establish a bureau where they m ght be employed at any time was a failure. In 1893 Burr McIntosh, the actor, established such a bureau and engaged a large number of competent musicians, singers and readers, who were to be let out to parties an l receptions at so much a night. Mr. McIntosh had made a success as a parlor enterta ner in London and was anxious to intro-

duce the Britis[illegible]stom in Chicago. He was well patronized by a few ultra-society people, but the others neglected his bureau and entertained themselves in some manner.

An eccentric gentleman goes from office to office teaching the latest Parisian style of hair-combing. He has not been as successful as another enterprising person who deals in crests and coats-of-arms. It is related that a wealthy and hard-headed business man with a good, old-fashioned name something like Ferguson was visited by a dapper gentleman, who carefully unwrapped a framed water-color painting of a shield bearing certain heraldic symbols.

"Well, what's that?" asked the merchant.

"The Ferguson coat-of-arms, which you have a right to use," was the reply. "I have traced the genealogy of your family and have proofs that you are a lineal descendant from Lord Rupert Ferguson, who distinguished himself as a friend and counselor of the duke of Buckingham."

"That may be true enough, but I don't care a continental about it. My father was a farmer in Ohio, and my grandfather used to own a flour mill in Pennsylvania. I never got any further back than that and never cared to."

The visitor went away much disappointed.

But the hard-headed business man happened to mention to his wife and daughter that the coat-of-arms had been offered him and they importuned him to purchase it no matter what the cost might be. Therefore the Ferguson family has a coat-of-arms and a family tree, the two costing Mr. Ferguson no less than fifty dollars. It is said that the same gentleman who approached him has made extensive researches for other wealthy gentlemen with the invariable result that somewhere in the dim past he has found a family coat-of-arms.

A Chicago woman is supporting herself and deriving a good income by instructing housewives how to make angel food. She goes from house to house, and when employed as an instructor goes into the kitchen with her pupil and makes a practical demonstration of her skill. Sometimes a second or third visit is necessary, as the housewife is not considered apt until she bakes a successful cake under the watchful eye of the instructor. This woman receives two dollars from each pupil.

A colored woman living in a remote region of the west side supports herself managing a dish-washing circuit. Along the street where she resides are about twenty families, who have given her the contract to wash dishes for them. She goes from house to house and covers the circuit three times a day. Her rates are fifteen cents a week for a family of not more than three, but the families are generous and give her something extra so that her income is consi lerably more than three dollars a week.

The co[illegible]llects cigar stamp[illegible] a basket flo[illegible]s. Then